

Going on a Ghost Hunt

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Summary: (Hallowe'en fic with the cast of "Something Strange") Two of our exterminators explore an abandoned mining town...

Going on a Ghost Hunt

Trick or Treat

>
The Cstrike series does not belong to me.

>
I can't believe I'm writing a Hallowe'en fic. I don't even celebrate Hallowe'en. In fact, I don't even consider it a holiday.

>
Ah well. All in the spirit of writing in the first place. Taken from the "Something Strange" series that I am currently writing.

>

>
"So why are we here in the first place?" Kesenai groaned.

>
He and Headshot were driving along a lonely, winding road, with dense forest on each side. Abandoned equipment littered the roads and at the mouths of the mines there were traces of blood and zombie slime.

>
It had been a mining town; at least until the creatures attacked.

>
"Our usual idiotic zombies wandering around, terrorizing people. Doesn't it beat all to be saving the world on a holiday?" Headshot replied, his face still a mask of stone.

>
"It's your fault that you dragged me into this assignment anyway. It's Hallowe'en, for crying out loud!" Kesenai retorted.

>
Headshot spun the wheel and the extermination van flew around a corner. "You don't even celebrate Hallowe'en. Why are you complaining?"

>
"Because the rest aren't here!" the sniper roared, shooting a death glare at his friend. "We may get overrun, or get lost in a mine, due to lack of manpower! And besides, it's Hallowe'en! We should get breaks man!"

>
You snipers are always paranoid about getting overrun, Headshot

thought to himself. Instead he said, "We won't get overrun."

>
"And what about getting lost?"

>
"I don't know," Headshot admitted, turning the steering wheel again.

>
Kesenai harrumphed and turned away, looking out the window.

>
It was a beautiful night. The Lady Moon, full in her glory, bathed the earth in her pure, clear light. The stars were pinpricks of light, and Kesenai felt as though he could reach out and touch the moon. A shooting star soared overhead, leaving a trail of white.

>
It seemed too beautiful to be a Hallowe'en. Yet there was a certain eerie aura in the air... perfect for Hallowe'en.

>
But Kesenai would have enjoyed it more if he didn't have the knowledge that he might die tonight. He would have enjoyed it more if he were sitting in his armchair back at HQ, easing comfortably into its cushions.

>
He was jolted back to reality as Headshot slammed on the brakes.

>
"What the heck was that?" he asked, clearly annoyed.

>
Headshot pointed a finger straight ahead.

>
Illuminated by the van's headlights was a man-sized object, moving extremely slowly. Blood and body fluids dripped onto the road as slits for eyes squinted at the van's two occupants.

>
"Arctic," Headshot said that one word, his eyes never leaving the walking corpse.

>
Kesenai understood and unslung the Arctic Warfare Magnum that had been on his back. It had been modified with a more powerful zoom and lighter weight, also modified to fire a bigger caliber. The only problem was, there was no gunsight on the end of the barrel.

>
No matter. Who needed a gunsight on a sniper rifle?

>
Headshot nodded his approval as his friend leaned out the window, but he didn't expect what came out of his mouth.

>
"Hey zombie!" Kesenai yelled. The zombie looked up and acknowledged with a confused grunt.

>
"What are you doing?!" Headshot said in a hoarse, urgent whisper.

>
Kesenai ignored him. "It's all your friggin' fault that I didn't get to go for my holiday leave! It's all your fault that I had to do this stupid assignment! If it weren't for you I wouldn't be here now, shaking and scared and paranoid! Now get outta our way before I blow the brains outta ya!"

>
Headshot bashed his head on the dashboard. "Shoot him, you idiot!"

>
"I'll give ya five seconds! If ya don't move, a cylindrical piece of lead with near 4000 joules will enter your head! I mean it!" Kesenai continued, waving the AWM to show he meant business.

>
The zombie stared stupidly at him, then charged.

>
"Five!"

>
The zombie was still a few hundred yards away.

>
"Four!"

>
Coming closer.

>
"Three, ya stupid crap-for-brains!"

>
Closer...

>
"Two! I mean it, ya idiot!"
>
It was almost touching the grille...
>
Headshot frantically tried to remove the Desert Eagle from its holster. That idiot! He would blow it all!
>
"One! Last chance!"
>
Almost free from the darn holster!
>
A hand swung out...
>
"Stupid piece of flesh," Kesenai muttered, pulling the trigger. "HAPPY HALLOWE'EN!"
>
The head was torn from the shoulders, and the headcrab exploded in a shower of slime. Rolling over and over, the severed head came to a stop.
>
The body slumped on the bonnet, a mixture of slime and blood splattering on its resting place and the windscreen.
>
Headshot exploded.
>
"Why did you wait?! Do you know how much it costs to remove that gunk from the van?!" he screamed. "Sure, we have the solvents, but those cost amazingly much too, do ya know that?!"
>
Kesenai was unperturbed. "I fervently beg your pardon, O great and mighty team leader. I thought you were more worried about getting killed, actually."
>
Grumbling, Headshot gunned the engine, and the headless body was promptly crushed underfoot.
>
A while later, they reached the deserted town.
>
"Not much of a place," Kesenai commented.
>
Headshot had to agree. Even before the zombies ravaged the town, the town was quite rural.
>
It was standard issue for every member of the team to carry at least one pistol and one submachinegun before their standard weapon.

>
Headshot carried a Desert Eagle .50AE, and an MP7. Kesenai's armament was a Sig Sauer P228 and an ESC90. However, today Headshot had traded in his usual MP7 for a bulky glowing orange weapon.

>
"Manipulator, eh? Lucky dog," Kesenai said with a tinge of envy. "But that won't prove to be too useful against zombies."

>
"Quintuple the gravitational force," Headshot said with a grin. "Pull the trigger, release and send even a strider flying."

>
"You always get the good stuff," his friend grumbled.

>
Tossing his Arctic Warfare Magnum into the backseat, Kesenai reappeared with a weapon that looked like a crossbow.
>
"I didn't even know we had an I-Rifle," Headshot said, and it was his turn to envy Kesenai. "What was that about the good stuff?"

>
"Power cell with quintuple the energy," Kesenai smirked.

>
Headshot rolled his eyes and stalked off.
>
The main mine was at the edge of town. From there, the mine split up into several smaller ones, but the main one still carried on, deep into the foothills of the mountain looming over the town.

>
"This is eerily like Ravenholm," the sniper whispered.

>
Headshot quietened him. "Listen-- there's something coming through."
>
And it was instantly gone.
>
"The mine," Headshot murmured.

>
It was a dingy, boarded up hole punched in the mountain. And something was straining against it. A lot of somethings.

>
"After you," Headshot said, trying to keep the tremor out of his voice.

>
"I'm not a lady, but I'm going first anyway," Kesenai muttered, lifting the I-Rifle to his shoulder.

>

>
The zombies pushed, screamed and clawed madly at the boards. Even the headcrabs made a feeble attempt to scratch at the obstruction.

>
Yet nothing seemed to work. Curse the humans who had managed to seal them in.

>
But they'd kindly left a lantern burning.

>
So at least they weren't living in some dark, damp cave after all. At least the humans had some decency.

>
There was a sudden crunch! and the rusty hook of a crowbar peeked through the boards.

>
With renewed efforts, the zombies tried again.

>
The sound of splitting wood pierced the air as all the boards flew outwards by the force of the zombies' combined pushing.

>
As the sawdust cleared, they noticed two figures standing calmly at the mine's mouth, holding what looked suspiciously like weapons at the ready.

>
"Trick or treat!" they chorused.

>
And that was the last thing the zombies saw before beams of orange and blue light streaked towards them.

>
END

>
Happy Hallowe'en to all. throws chocolates into the air

End
file.